1: Burrows--127 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 439 Ifalik

"Trade with Europe did not begin until comparatively recent times. Although Spaniards were established on Guam, only 350 miles away, from 1668, no European ship seems to have visited Ifalik until Wilson called in 1797. Trade with Europeans was negligible throughout the following century. When the German expedition arrived in 1909, the people still had only shell adzes. During the few remaining years of the German regime a beginning was made of buying copra in exchange for foreign trade goods. This was developed by the Japanese. For years now all cutlery has been of steel, and some other foreign wares, such as cloth, dyes, and cotton fishing nets and lines, have become fairly common, though only the dyes have displaced the native product. Up to the early months of 1948, American vessels had not begun calling regularly, and the people had not been able to resume making copra, as they never knew when the arrival of a ship would enable them to sell it. The prospect was that American transportation would eventually become organized so that ships would call more regularly, and trade would again reach the level attained by the Japanese. There was no visible prospect of its developing much beyond that, -the islanders have so little to export."

1: Burrows--128 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 276, 439 Ifalik

"Native tobacco is imported from several of the nearest atolls, which seem able to grow more of it than Ifalik, though the soil can not be very hospitable on any of them. Faraulep and (this from memory) Lamotrek were mentioned as sources of tobacco."

1: Burrows--128
116, 321, 439

(1947-48)

Woleaians
Ifalik

"A regular article of import from Eaurupik is turtle-shell discs or beads for women's belts. Curiously, the German account of Eaurupik--written like that of Ifalik, by Damm from field notes by Sarfert--speaks of a belt of coconut-shell beads as characteristic of Eaurupik, and traded as far as Puluwat. But my Ifalik informants insisted that all their dark beads were of turtle shell, and that most of them came from Eaurupik. As usual, no mention was made of payment, or of return present. Swamp taro (pulax), of which Ifalik has an abundance, is one possibility; but this grows on Eaurupik too."

1: Burrows--128 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 302, 386, 439 Ifalik

"One highly prized article--'red' turmeric root, rubbed on the body as adornment or medicine--came from the more distant high islands; either Truk, 400 miles to the east, or Yap, about the same distance to the west. The turmeric plant grows on Ifalik, and is one of the plants most highly prized for its fragrance--the angorIk. But it is the leaves that are used. The locally grown roots are apparently too small to be worth putting through the elaborate process of grating, straining, decanting, and baking by which the orange or flame-colored powder called rang was prepared. At any rate this process is not part of the technology of Ifalik. Tom always translated rang as either 'Yap paint' or 'Truk paint'."

1: Burrows--128-129 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 502, 439 Ifalik

"It has been noted in the account of native navigation that canoes from Ifalik sometimes went as far as Truk to the eastward, or even farther. Whether these long trips accounted for most of the supply of rang [KS: powdered turmeric root used for body painting] from that direction, or whether most of it came by trading along the chain of low islands in between, is not clear. But certainly some of the supply from Yap was brought directly, in the course of the regular visits to the village of Gatschapar (Ifalik Garpar) in Gagil district, whose chiefs are regarded as overlords of Ifalik. The political aspect of these voyages will be considered in the chapter on government. As to the economic aspect, Fonachar of Yap told me that the people from outer atolls like Ifalik would bring cloths, mat sails and other pandanus mats, sennit rope, and coconut 'candy' (what he meant by 'candy' I could not make out). Yap gave in return, he said, rang, canoes of the larger and better timber available on the high islands, mats of Yap manufacture, betel nuts (but betel chewing is not customary on Ifalik), and foods not obtainable on the atolls, such as Tahitian chestnut. Since foreign vessels from the high islands have been making fairly frequent trips to Ifalik, most of the turmeric has been brought on them, though [129] the trade in it seems still to be in the hands of native sailors or passengers."

4: Krämer--250 (1909) 1937 Woleaians
116, 439, 651 Woleai

No tribute was taken to Yap [VMM: by the people from Woleai]. The intermediaries can keep the goods for themselves and pay with their possessions. There is no compulsion. If Oleai sells land, it may give as much as it likes to Inefel. In the past it was said that Oleai belonged to him.

5: Kittlitz--161 (1827-8) 1858 Woleaians
116, 439 Woleai

To our great surprise Captain Lütke purchased a large sailing canoe, with all its appurtenances from the tamol Tapeligar, the chief of Ulea Island, for the very modest price of three clubs. We were the more amazed at the cheapness of this article, which plays such an important role in the life of the islanders because we were accustomed to paying high prices for everything here. But the quantity of canoes on hand, which was a proof of the industry and skill of the islanders, provided an explanation for this. Then too the natives here and on the neighboring islands must often trade these canoes to the Spaniards on Guaham in exchange for iron utensils; the latter bring high prices, so three clubs is probably the usual amount paid for this kind of boat.

6: Senfft--57
116, 439

(no date) 1905

Woleaians
Woleai
Lamotrek

The trade of the natives consists chiefly in exchanging copra for European products such as tobacco, cotton, matches, hardware, etc. On Oleai there are two factories of these articles of trade, on Lamutrik there is one.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

293 a small tube of yellow oxide of mercury out of that same purse, and ask me what it was for. When I explained, he graciously gave the tube to Tom, who had granulated eye-lids.

000 On Sunday (it was the 5th of July by then) I was just contemplating a siesta after a hard morning of mapping, when the peace of the island was broken by cries of "sail-ho" picked up and relayed from the windward side of Falalap across to Falarik in no time at all. Bakal arrived almost as fast as the cries, all out of breath, with Tony soon after, to report that it was a big Navy ship with the number "59" on the prow. The busy crossroads again.

We got out the walkie-talkies, but all we could hear was the "testing," "testing" of one another. The ship wasn't talking. Maroligar dragged a brand new American flag out of the chest by the Fan Nap altar, passing over two tattered ones that had been lying on top, and with Don's help tried to get it on the flagpole, which had been considerably damaged by the typhoon. They finally achieved a sort of half-mast effect—to the considerable puzzlement of the ship's captain, it turned out later.

Ted decided not to let anything as routine as a Navy visit to Ifaluk interfere with his siesta. Don and I, less blasé, haunted the beach until the grey hulk of a destroyer emerged from behind Falalap to anchor off the pass. A small boat put off immediately. When it beached, it turned out to have several cases of equipment identifiable as belonging to Bob Rofen. The crew said there was more cargo aboard. Don hardly dared believe that this might include his missing equipment. He and I went back to the ship with the boat and there, sure enough, were Don's drums, so carefully and lovingly packed in Pacific Grove months before.

We went into the wardroom and had coffee with the officers and told them all about Ifaluk. We borrowed paper, envelopes and stamps to surprise our wives with letters. When Ted came aboard, bringing money, we bought as many cartons of cigarettes as we could at the ship's stores, but this was the only thing we could think of that might be useful. The Ifalukian consumption of cigarettes was enormous—
276 ●439 every adult on the island had the nicotine habit—and we were the

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

only source of supply, since no trade ship had visited the island for some months.

The captain went ashore on the final trip of the ship's launch. Most of the local population was assembled on the temple grass by the Fan Nap, all decked out with garlands in the hair and wreaths over the shoulders. I introduced the captain to Fagolier. It was a pleasure to watch the chief on such an occasion. He didn't need clothing for dignity: composed and calm, he always seemed pleased to meet the visitors, murmuring the correct phrases in Ifalukian, with no hint of the naked savage meeting civilization. Rather, the overdressed foreigners seemed awkward and out of place.

The captain photographed everyone, called in the sailors who had been wandering around, and took off. We all went down to the beach to see them go, but unhaunted by any desire to be going along. Don, of course, was terribly pleased to get his missing equipment: and I should have been pleased too, since I came to depend on that equipment for the rest of the summer.

That evening there was dancing. Ted thought at first that it was the children, but it turned out to be the young men, lined up by a bonfire, practicing for some big event that they planned presently. I popped flashbulbs at the dancers and Don and Ted watched, while the mosquitoes drained their blood away—another flaw in paradise. The scene was wild and lovely, the dark backdrop of the coconut palms fitfully lit up by the fire, the row of naked bodies trimmed with flowers and anklets and bracelets of coconut leaves, the inflected chanting, the stomping, clapping and rhythmic movement. Don learned pretty well to get the nice resonance that they produced by clapping the cupped right hand against the inside of the bent left arm.

Don got sore at me for popping flashbulbs—he said it spoiled the atmosphere, was an insult to the Ifalukians, and so forth. I suppose I felt sheepish about intruding with a camera myself—but I had thought I was doing my duty in getting a photographic record. Anyway, I took off with my camera in a huff and kept a residuum of photographic inhibition all of the rest of the summer. The camera is a curious thing that way—it takes gall or cheek or impertinence to get good pictures